

## Ruh-Roh Stevie !! by [prettyboiiharringrove](#)

**Series:** [Prettyboii's Harringrove Halloween Countdown 2018 \[3\]](#)

**Category:** Scooby Doo - All Media Types, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** M/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Daphne Blake, Fred Jones, Norville "Shaggy" Rogers, Scooby Doo, Steve Harrington, Velma Dinkley

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,478

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**Summary:**

Harringrove Halloween Countdown // October 3 — This stupid brightly colored van with 'Mystery Machine' painted on the side rolls into the parking lot and Billy somehow instantly knows that whoever is inside is nothing but trouble, and as someone who is exclusively a menace to society, he has authority on the matter.

## **Ruh-Roh Stevie !!**

### **Author's Note:**

Originally, I was going to write what happened from beginning to end, or at least their first encounter, but I got straight into the good shit and towards the end kind of hint back to what could have happened, so maybe we could potentially explore more of this au later ???

Steve and Shaggy are tackled to the ground in one fell swoop, Billy hears a yelp and knows it's Steve; Shaggy's whimper quickly follows. There's a beat where Billy and Scooby look at each other and they're practically foaming at the mouth, snarling viciously as their inner beast consumes them, all fear smothered by the fiery rage that builds inside them, every molecule of their being screaming at them to protect and kill.

Billy knew it was a stupid fucking idea to split up, had said as much, but apparently Fred held authority over the majority, so they'd listened, and now his boyfriend and new friend could get fucking slaughtered if he and Scooby aren't fast enough.

Billy swings his axe roughly, and he revels in the yelp and squelching sound that follows. Another dead monster and Steve is alive, albeit a little panicked. He's relieved for a moment, but then he hears a yell, notices that the demodog only just missed Shaggy's throat and bit into his shoulder instead, and it was only because Scooby had bit into the monster himself.

"Like, thanks pal," Shaggy whispers nervously, trembling as the creature is pulled off of him and Steve and Billy help him to his feet. Shaggy is surrounded by the other three, no longer in any condition to fight, as a few more demodogs approach. Scooby and Billy are the picture of perfect predator, their mouths dripping black goo from where they had both savagely ripped open their attackers. The demodogs were now the prey, if they played this right.

Steve lifts his bat and Billy his axe, Scooby crouches forward with a

growl, and Shaggy holds his gun with a trembling hand. He's only just been taught to use the thing and now he'd have to use his nondominant hand if he wants to use it.

"Gang?!" Fred blurts in a panic as he runs up to meet them, finally catching up. The two girls behind him gasp, but they all spring into action. Billy doesn't have it in him to be angry with Fred or his stupid ascot, not when he sees the look of sorrow in his eyes when he glances at Shaggy, bloody and cowering behind Steve and his nail bat, barely able to stay upright.

There are finally enough of them to win their fight, but it's exhausting and close, and their own blood mixes into that of the canine-like beasts to make an ash like color; the scent in the air is strong and putrid. Billy nearly vomits when all is said and done, chest heaving as Steve pulls him close to his side. Billy doesn't have it in him to protest, even with the onlookers around to see the intimate moment.

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Scooby looks at Shaggy with a scrunched up nose as they finally settle, back in their own world with the portal closed, thanks to El. Velma's still muttering something about 'if only I could talk to her, run some tests,' while Daphne combs the twigs and slime out of the nerdy girl's hair.

They're sitting in the Harrington living room, probably staining the imported furniture. Billy wipes his mouth off with the back of his hand and spits once to get the blood out, marking up the carpet, and then he starts laughing as Scooby starts spitting and spluttering trying to get the gross taste out of his mouth after Billy's demonstration gave him permission.

"I miss Scooby Snacks," the dog says matter-of-factly, and everyone starts snickering. Shaggy pats his head from where he's leaning against Fred, and Scooby looks up fondly. Billy glares at Steve, knowing that he's already planning to make a comment about Billy being the same, and talking dog or not that's still fucking offensive because he's nothing like these weirdos.

He likes them and all, but he's way, way cooler, obviously. (He's really not and Steve knows that, but he'll let him dream). He'll give them credit though, they're pretty badass for the fight they just put up. He's pretty impressed, especially since their whole group acts like a bunch of goddamn cartoon characters half the time.

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"Thank god they're gone," Billy sighs, shoulders finally falling and all tension leaving him as the van drives away. He turns from where Steve's arm is wrapped around his shoulder, ignoring how fucking domestic they looked, huddled close with their hair tied back and practically drowning in their comfy sweaters. If you look closer, it's not as picture perfect, their hair's pulled back because the thought of not being able to see their surroundings is horrifying and their sweaters are so large and cozy because putting on anything tighter hurts, considering all their bruises and cuts. Still, it's like the end of a movie where the characters split up but promise to never forget each other, and somehow they're better people. Billy doesn't feel better, he hasn't had some otherworldly spiritual awakening, but then again he's not sure he gets two in a lifetime, and his came when he moved out and decided to get his shit together.

"I thought you liked them," Steve teases, shaking his head as Billy curls into him, doesn't argue when Billy forces him to wrap his arms around him. Billy's completely cocooned in his boyfriend's arms and he is not complaining. He doesn't like being affectionate and intimate in front of strangers, and as chill as the Scooby gang was, they weren't exactly inner circle yet. Well, maybe Shaggy, but that's besides the point.

"They're fucking squares Steve. And they smoked all my good shit," Billy groans into his shoulder, honestly just trying to come up with excuses instead of really admitting why he was glad they were gone.

"Last I checked the only reason we smoked any of your shit, is because we finished Shaggy's first, and since when are you so bitter?"

"Since a second rate Justice League rolled into our town with a minivan," Billy argues, although the insults dripping off his tongue taste wrong; he knows he doesn't mean them, and Steve does too.

He's just being a jackass for the sake of it, since he's had to fall back into the role of emotionally constipated macho man due to the outsiders.

"Our town huh?" Steve teases, and Billy lifts his chin up to glare at him. Steve takes the opportunity to steal a kiss. Billy melts into it, and Steve realizes what's finally going on. One, Billy missed getting to be like this, and two he's already sad those weirdos are headed out of town. He hopes they don't get themselves killed before they get to come back and visit, before Billy gets to actually be himself around them.

"Shut up," Billy rolls his eyes but smiles, glad Steve can read him without having to actually discuss his fucking feelings. Realistically, he knows there are times where he won't be able to rely on Steve to just get it, but for now he's safe and content and he'll figure out the rest later.

"Their rocket scientist is having a mental breakdown over monsters being real," Billy laughs. He sometimes wishes he could have seen Steve's face the first time he found out, the way his eyebrows would almost leave his fucking forehead, the way his cute little nose would scrunch up, or maybe his perfect mouth would fall open in surprise, leaving Billy himself both scared and horny as he tried to run while thinking about the soft feeling of those perfect lips as he fucked Steve's mouth.

It takes him a minute to realize he's lost in his own imagination, doesn't tune back in until Steve trails off and elbows him. Billy thinks that's kind of harsh, because honestly Steve had his attention, just not in the way he was meant to.

"You could try being nice. You weren't exactly comforting at the end there," Steve seems exasperated but neither of them actually expected Billy to coddle her; it's not his fucking job.

"Eh, she's got her girlfriend to look after her," he shrugs and Steve sighs, annoyed to be having this conversation again.

"For the thousandth time, Daphne is with Fred."

“Yeah, and for the nine hundred and ninety ninth time, they’re all fucking gay and just need to swap partners already, even Scooby agreed with me.”

“You’re taking that totally out of context.”

“I’m taking it in the perfect context.”

“You’re so annoying,” Steve shakes his head but pulls Billy closer to him, equally as relieved to finally have Billy in his arms.

“Yeah, but I’m yours. Now come inside, I think I’ve got something even tastier than a Scooby Snack waiting for you,” Billy tells him with a sly smirk as he finally pulls away, taking Steve’s hand in his. Steve swallows hard.

“Ruh-Roh,” Steve answers jokingly, following Billy into the house.